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LEISURE HOUR POEMS.

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LEISURE HOUR POEMS,

—BY—



33 VINNIE THORNTON. .



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TO HER BELOVED CHILDREN

This Work is Lovingly Dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR.

ERRATA:

7th line, 2d page, for "close onto," read "close on."

12th line, 3d page, for "peculiarities personal to itself," read "characteristics peculiar to itself."

5th line, 1st verse, 18th page, for "bonnine," read "bonnie."

3d line, 3d verse, 18th page, for "requium," read "requiem."

2d line, 2d verse, 26th page, for "will gem," read "will ever gem."

2d line, 2d verse, 27th page, for "brihty," read "brightly."

5th line, 5th verse, 35th page, strike out "mirthful."

Human Nature.

VINNIE THORNTON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

We are assembled to-night to discuss the fruitfulness of the Human Mind, or, in other words, the vices, virtues and idiosyncrasies of the human race : A subject as incomprehensible as it is interesting.

When we reflect on our frail first parents of paradise fame, we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that none of us can boast of our pedigree. Eden has been pictured to us as a bower of bliss and beauty—a perfect Elysium of peace and purity—until the tempter came to beautiful Eve ; but from that hour up to the present the sons and daughters of men have been continually howling over the hollowness of human hopes, and according to Divine inspiration, will continue to howl till Time with them shall be no more.

It is a deplorable fact, but a fact, nevertheless, that the "Serpent" holds a prominent place in modern as well as ancient history. From its "Headquarters," the "Garden of Eden," it has wriggled itself down thro' all the ages of the past, and up to the present time, has never ceased to trail its filthy length along close onto the heels of the human family. It comes to us all in many a guise, and haunts our sleeping, waking dreams.

Many years ago America gave to the world her gifted son, Horace Greely, known to us all as an eminent statesman and scholar; a man who was called a "crank" by the codfish aristocracy of this country, but who, nevertheless, distinguished himself by wielding all his faculties for the welfare of his fellow men; a man whose powerful mentality won for him prominence, popularity and power; a man who, having won for himself the homage and admiration of the noblest of his kind, died regretted by a mourning world. Years ago there arose upon the zenith, upon the mental sky of America, a "Star" of the first magnitude, around whom all lesser planets revolved. It shone with a radiance all its own, and the Nation gloried in its effulgent beauty and sighed and sorrowed when it paled in its splendor. Only a short time ago it fell from the sky of Time into the great ocean of Eternity. The name of that "star" was Henry Ward Beecher. Ladies and Gentlemen, you do not expect ME to discuss "Human Nature" with the originality, power and practicality of that distinguished politician and classic writer, Horace Greely; neither do you expect me

to decipher the fruitfulness of the human mind with the rhetoric of a Beecher; nor to present to you my ideas appareled in the brilliant robes and adorned with the starry gems of an Ingersoll; nor yet to bring to this comprehensive, this stupendous subject, the science of Spurzheim, or the wonderful brain of a Victor Hugo. Unfortunately for myself and my subject, my knowledge of the great world of mankind is exceedingly limited, for the vices, virtues and peculiarities of mankind are manifold and varied, for each and every nation on the earth possesses peculiarities personal to itself; and so it is with regard to individuals. The proud ships of commerce and emigration are continually bearing to our shores representatives from every land upon the Globe; but it is not of the foreign element we are about to speak to-night. Instead of discussing the moralities, immoralities and eccentricities of the several nationalities of the earth we will confine these remarks to ourselves inasmuch as we can.

An old writer hath truly said that "Life is like a mighty ocean on whose voluptuous bosom are borne the loves and passions of men." Let us look into this wonderful mirror of nature, and in the language of the immortal Burns "see ourselves as others see us." In the history of the world this mighty ocean of human life reflects a sky black with the storm clouds of war; bright with the sunlight of peace, the rainbow of joy, the "Star of Hope," shining on the fair horizon of our happy dreams; it pictures a great and glorious republic

baptized with the blood of many of its best and bravest sons ; it pictures the great heart of a mighty nation, on whose imperishable tablets are inscribed in letters of fire the names of the illustrious living and dead ; it pictures the mammoth cemetery, the sweet “Sunny South,” where the magnolia’s bloom and the mournful cypress waves, and where not one of all the many tears we’ve shed could fall upon their lonely graves. In short, this mighty ocean of human life pictures the land of the free and the home of the brave ; a land purchased with the tears and the groans of the dying ; a beautiful land bounded by beautiful waters—within and over whose borders the star-spangled banner still triumphantly waves, at whose shrine the nations of the earth have ever bowed in admiration and homage. Beauty is the darling attribute of our Creator, and whilst we worship at this beautiful shrine let us not forget that being a self-ruled people, the continued prosperity and stability of our government depends entirely on the virtue and honor of its citizens, and that patriotism is one of the grandest phases of Human Nature.

Moreover, let us ever bear in mind that these “wooly-headed old farmers,” as I understand Sam Jones affectionately addresses this particular class of citizens, are the rough diamonds glittering on the broad breast of civilization. The Darwinian theory that the human race sprang from apes and monkeys certainly does not apply to these kings of the soil. Why does the great evangelist hurl his arrow of ridicule at these workingmen of the world,

to whom this country and nation owe their present prosperity and grandeur? Ar'n't they toney enough to suit his royal highness? Does Mr. Jones want these "wooly-headed old farmers" to array themselves in purple and fine linen ere they presume to stand in the presence of a man of his gorgeous intellect, and that wears the clothes that he does? Or does he want them to brush up their morality and christianity ere they make so bold as to appear at those august, austere conventions, viz: the annual campmeetings of their country? What's the matter with Bro. Jones? Is his dude hat too large for him? Does it fall so low over his clerical ears as to entirely exclude the uproarious racket of the threshing machine that rolls out his bread before him, and that he cannot hear the babies cry whilst the weary wives and mothers of the land churn and work over the butter to spread it? Has the great preacher's mental and physical vision become so obscured by the sins and follies of this unfriendly world that he cannot see the chickens that roost in every barnyard of this great and glorious republic?

Now, we are the proud and happy possessors of the grandest country on the earth, but as this is not our abiding place, we are longing to gain a better land than this. We, with all mankind, still march to the martial music of Life's ever-changing, ever-sounding sea; but when for us all it shall have changed from gay to grave—when all its waves shall sob their soft refrain our requiem knell upon the solemn shores of Time will our tired feet press the shining strand of that illustrious land of eter-

nal sunshine? When the fierce conflicts between vice and virtue, passion and principle, shall have closed forever—when all the passions of the soul which now come to tempt us in our weakness and despair shall have been paralyzed by the powerful hand of Death—when the morning of the Grand Reveille shall have dawned, will we enter the heaven of our desires?—That Celestial City whose builder and maker is God?—Before whom angels fall and arch-angels cast their glittering crowns? Shall we all go home to our Father's house of many mansions? This is a leading question, as the lawyers say; a question which has been profoundly discussed, profoundly agitated from time immemorial, by noted divines of every denomination, age, color and clime; this controversy has been carried on for centuries by men of breadth and depth of thought and feeling; men whose minds Almighty God has illumined with the Divine fire of genius; a question concerning which we all get to the front in every conceivable garb and guise; a question that ever has been and ever will be responded to by all the millions of the earth, and being a world of self-deceivers, our actions generally gainsay our answers, and vice-versa. I've been floundering around in the troubled waters of conviction for some time, and have come to the conclusion that the immortal mind of man is like the ever-changing sea, whose shifting lights and shadows attune the soul to gloom and gladness. For, as the sea sings, sparkles and dances when caressed by the sunlight of Heaven, so does man sing, spar-

kle and dance when caressed by the sunlight of joy or prosperity. As the sea murmurs, darkens and rages when overshadowed by the storm-clouds of Heaven, so does man murmur, darken and rage when overshadowed by the storm-clouds of grief or adversity; for our tho'ts, our feelings, our lives, (like the sea) take color from our surroundings, events and circumstances. I could illustrate this fact by many illustrations from the huge book of human life, but it is unnecessary.

The poet says—

“Sail on, sail on, proud Ship of State.”

The question before the American people to-day, is, shall our proud Ship of State, the pride and glory of every true American heart, continue to plough the angry billows of intemperance until its accumulated cargo of vice and crime sink it in mid-ocean with all its living freight on board? Being a self-ruled people this question must be answered by the monarch multitude. When we shall have exercised the nobler qualities Almighty God has vouchsafed to us as a people, then will the pitiful wail of the friendless and oppressed, the agonizing cry of America's- accursed, and doubly accursed, be changed to songs of thankfulness and joy; when we shall have rescued our country's perishing who are now struggling with the turbid billows of Life's tempestuous sea, together with all the little waifs of the waves now dotting its desolate strands—then will the leaden clouds of sorrow lift and roll away, and the sun of Prohibition will arise and shed its rays divine upon our dear, delightful land; then

will our proud Ship of State float upon the placid waters of purity, and we shall drift on and adown the glorious vista of the coming years and anchor at last, let us hope, in the happy haven of Jehovah's smile.

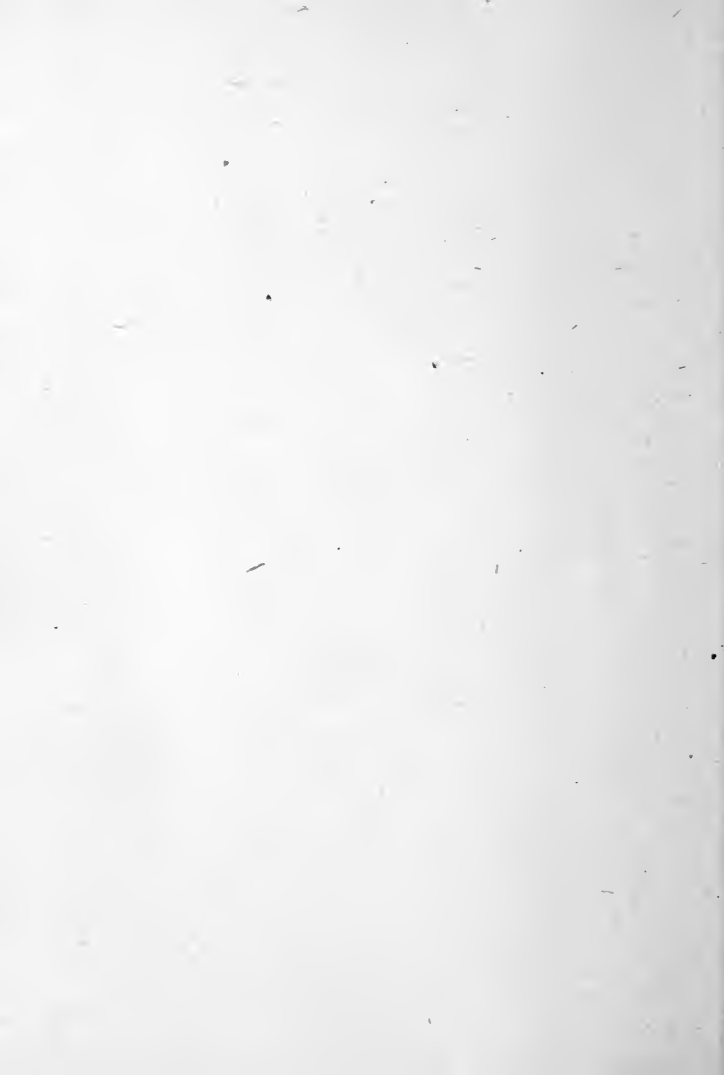
While the vices, faults and foibles of the American people are many and glaring, their virtues are as numerous as the glorious hills of their nativity. As a nation, however, the diviner elements of their natures are being crushed and corrupted in the great struggle for wealth and social supremacy. Now, whilst gold is a necessity, therefore, a blessing to the human family, it is also the god the American masses bow down to. How long shall we kneel to this idol? How long shall some of us continue to cultivate the despicable spirit of tyranny and oppression? When shall this terrible warring of the social elements cease, or, in other words, how long shall the struggling, laboring millions of America submit to mammon? When this fair land shall once more be deluged with the blood of its heroes, or when we shall have scaled the lofty heights of moral or christian sublimity, then, and not until then, will we dethrone the monarch of America. This being the boasted home of liberty, the poor man's paradise, let us not forget that many a fierce cyclone of cruelty and popular prejudice have swept over his life, uprooting the joyous blossoms of his soul, since on that memorable day in our Nation's history when the Puritan Fathers first landed on Plymouth Rock. The political sky that now bends over us is black

with the storm-clouds of injustice—they overshadow all the land, and yet 'tis not a rayless night.

The thunder peals along the sky
And heralds the approaching storm—
The vivid lightnings flash on high,
But smiling Joy will greet the morn;
For lo! the Starry Flag still waves—
The Stars of Love still sweetly shine,
- And lights a million honor'd graves
With rays resplendent and divine.

Our Knights of Labor proudly stand,
As did our own brave Knights of old,
To guard this dearly purchased land
And free it from the curse of Gold.
Nature's own noblemen are they,
With lion hearts and nerves of steel,
Soon will they reign with righteous sway
Mid all our Country's woe and weal.

Then thou'lt return, O, Bird of Peace,
Nor lift thy snowy pinions more,
When this dark night of storms shall cease—
When morn shall gild thy native shore.
And whilst thy praises we shall sing
In songs impassion'd, fond and free,
O, may our blood-bought Eden ring
With thy glad notes of Liberty.



Wisconsin.



By the Great Lakes there lies a land
By Heaven's purest breezes fann'd—
Of romance bold and legends grand,
A-near whose bright and shining strand
A hundred ships at anchor lay,
Harbor'd in many a bosky bay,
With flags a-floating night and day,
'Round which the tireless sea birds play.

Fair Land! my fancy fondly flies
To where thy thousand hills arise
In wondrous beauty to the skies,
Like bright wing'd birds of paradise.
Sun-kiss'd an' radiant are thy rills
That wind thro' all thy lofty hills,
That bathe their banks—their verdure thrills,
Whose songs divine sweet Zephyr trills.

Land of the cedar and the pine!
Thy dazzling dells I deem divine,
Thy limpid lakes like sapphires shine,
Thy sweetest roses blush to wine.
In majesty thy rivers glide
To mingle with the mighty tide
Of Mississippi's waters wide—
That peerless stream—our Country's pride.

Dear, lovely land of light and shade,
Of glad retreats, of glen and glade,
Of stygian pool and bright cascade,
Thou'lt never from my mem'ry fade.
Tho' fate hath sent me from thy shore,
And sullen clouds above me low'r,
Still in my heart, forevermore,
Will live the land that I adore.



The majestic Missouri rolls 'twixt thee and me;
 We are parted forever—my love, can it be?
 But I cannot forget thee—these lines will attest.
 O, my heart's far away in the beautiful West;
 In that sweet land of sunshine—of gems rich and rare.
 Where the breezes are balmy—the skies ever fair;
 Where you made me your captive—my chains I caress'd—
 O, my heart's far away in that land of the West.

Where the forests are waving their bright boughs on high,
 Where th' notes of the hunter with the song birds may vie,
 Where your soul, set to music, to mine was address'd—
 O, my heart's far away in that land of the West;
 In that picturesque region where the buffaloes roam—
 The deer and the antelope do make it their home—
 Where at gloaming we stray'd to the spot we lov'd best—
 O, my heart's far away in that land of the west.

Where th' Rockies rear to Heaven their heights so sublime,
 Where the cascades are chanting their anthems divine,
 Where you 'waken'd love's loftiest strain in my breast—
 O, my heart's far away in that land of the West;
 In that wierd realm of wonders, where wild waters play,
 Whirl and dance in dim canons, by night and by day,
 Where the waves of your spirit you would have suppress'd—
 O, my heart's far away in that land of the West.

Like the tints of the rainbow—so lovely in hue—
 Are the flow'rs of the garland I've woven for you—
 That I pluck'd from the bowers your dear presence blest
 Long ago, long ago, in that land of the West;
 In that Garden of Eden, that gay, fairy land,
 Where the snowy spray kisses the sweet, sunny strand,
 Where so often your dear lips to mine you have prest,
 In that beautiful land, Love, that land of the West.

Wooded and Wedded.



'Twas at a happy New-Year ball,
Where smiling Pleasure reign'd;
Where light and music flooded all—
That scene for beauty fam'd,
I met a stalwart stranger bold
Who lingered by my side,
A princely youth of perfect mould,
Of passion, pow'r and pride.

I see him now, as on that night
So many years ago—
His fair face flush'd, his eyes alight
With love's impassion'd glow.
Sweet Irish eyes, of Heavn's own hue,
Like June's oft-changing skies;
Bright, sunny locks, full lips, whose dew
With joy did mine baptize.

For in that brilliant scene of mirth
He clasp'd me to his breast,
And there my heart to love gave birth
The while my lips he prest.
Unlike the love of later years—
Unmixed with base alloy—
A love that dims mine eyes with tears,
And murders all my joy.

And when he lured me from the throng,
To listen to his pray'r
Supernal as a seraph's song,
I pledg'd him fond and fair.
Within his conq'ring arms I lay
While passion paled his face,
And marveled at his mood so gay—
His fierce, his fond embrace.

'Tis in this mystic land of dreams
My mem'ry ranges free,
Thro' winter nights, when Luna's beams
Lit all his way to me.

Thro' winter days, that flitted by,
Like snowbirds on the wing,
Till all the glad and smiling sky
Rang with the songs of Spring.

In all my sleeping, waking hours
I'm dreaming of the bliss
That blossomed with the sweet spring flow'rs
When skies bent but to kiss;
When Love attuned his thrilling lyre,
It's master-chords awoke,
Made all its magic notes of fire
Vibrate to ev'ry stroke.

And O, how sweet the hours I while
In this dear realm divine,
Where wedded joys my soul beguile,
Where Hope's immortelles shine;
Where softest, sweetest skies of love
Shine with serenest ray,
To light me to that world above
Where we shall dwell for aye.

To H. F. Campbell.



Frank, the springtime is come—the beautiful springtime,
With joy 'tis saluting this dear land of ours,
Its gay-plum'd songsters sing sweetly and blithely,
Reminding me, Brother, of childhood's bright hours,
When, kiss'd by the glorious sunlight of Heaven,
And rob'd in the garments of Life's merry morn,
We sang to Joy's music—Joy's exquisite music,
Nor dreamed of the dawning of days all forlorn.

Frank, the springtime is come—the beautiful springtime,
And crown'd with its garland of foliage green,
The wild, witching waters are laughing and dancing,
Recalling, dear Brother, youth's coquettish dream.
When crown'd with the chaplets we wove in the woodlands,
The flow'rs of Life's springtime, so gorgeous and gay,
We danced to Joy's music—Joy's exquisite music,

Nor dreamed that our pleasures were passing away.
Frank, the springtime is come—the beautiful springtime,
But th' sun of Life's morning has set for all time.
Those glittering garments our forms then adorning,
We laid, dearest Brother, on "Sorrow's" sad shrine,
Those roseate chaplets we donn'd in Life's springtime
We doff'd at its altar, no more to reclaim;
And we sing to Grief's music—Grief's exquisite music,
Of th' days that will never delight us again.

Pattonsburg.

~*~

Neath the glorious bluffs of the Grand River Valley
Stands a beautiful city—the pride of the vale;
A delightful abode, where the sun loves to dally,
And the sweet clover blossoms perfume the soft gale.
All th' air, too, is freighted with the fragrance of flowers;
The wild birds carol blithely the long, dreamy day,
And the bees gather honey all the sunshiny hours,
While the fishes disport where the bright waters play.

In this city of lilies the linn trees are waving,
The maples are towering, majestic and grand.
All the Bayou's green banks the glad waters are laving,
While the sycamores sway o'er the sweet, sunny strand,
Thro' this grain-growing valley the river is flowing,
And the forest trees float on its fast rolling tide;
Thro' this wood-border'd city, when breezes are blowing,
The mills' thundering music resounds far and wide.

In this flourishing city the forges are blazing,
And the clink of the hammers is heard on the street.
Over all this great region the cattle are grazing,
For its clovers and grasses are varied and sweet.
Thro' this fair, fruitful valley, when lambkins are playing
By the side of still waters and murmuring rills,
The rosy-cheeked children are joyfully straying
To the green, grassy pastures and herbage-crown'd hills.

The red man once reigned o'er this roseate Eden,

Now the home of the pale-face, the fair land of fame.
The buffalo roamed o'er this rich, fertile region;

Now the proud wheels of commerce rush over the plain.
Thro' this wild, wooded valley the elk and deer bounded;

Now the ax of the woodman rings steady and strong;
The council-fires flashed where the city is founded,
And the war-cry is changed to the pale-face's song.

No foot-prints of man marked this rude, rural valley
In that wonderful age when this old world was new.

Now history praises 'The Pioneer's Rally:

To these heroes of Daviess our homage is due.

Thro' this versatile valley, immortal in story,

The bold Plainsmen once ranged on their Mexican steeds.

To their mem'ries forever be honor and glory;

May kind Heaven reward all their valorous deeds.

Kate Moore.

While th' World sings the praises of Daniel O'Connell,

Whose fame shines undimm'd, and will shine evermore,
O, let us remember his darling descendent,

The friend of the friendless, sweet, charming Kate Moore.
She is far from the land where her kinsman is sleeping--

The sorrowful land that he strove to make free;
But she mourns for the hero who sleeps 'neath th' shamrocks--
For her beautiful birthplace--the isle of the sea.

Most lovely her figure, most lovely her features,

Most gracious the glance of her eloquent eyes;
In their glorious depths gleam th' soul's brightest jewels;

Their hue is the blue of her own native skies;
And black as the night are her soft, silken tresses,
Her smile, like the sunshine, all hearts do enthrall;
Her voice is as sweet as the rill's rippling music;
Her pure lips drop wisdom and blessings for all.

May He, who reigns over all lands and all nations,
Where storm-clouds and sunshine alternately low'r,
Avert from thee, ever, Life's terrible tempests--

The storm-clouds of sorrow, sweet, charming Kate Moore.

May th' bright, brilliant sunshine of gladness beam alway,
Above and around thee, where'er thou may'st be;
Thy blessings bestowed on the stranger, the stricken—
O, may they return, in their fulness, to thee.

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In beautiful Rockton, on the banks of Rock River,
In that proud land of legend—that proud land of lore,
We met and we parted, at midnight, Amanda,
When the moon beamed in beauty on the river's bright shore;
But I haven't forgotten thee, dearest Amanda,
Nor the hour that we parted, perhaps for all time.
The flowers of Friendship that bloom in my bosom,
With fond tears have been sprinkled from fountains divine

How well I remember that night in midsummer,
When that fair little city first rose to my view.
How lovely the landscape, illumed by the moonlight,
How divine in its dreaming, baptized with the dew.
In mem'ry will linger this picture, Amanda:
On its white walls immortal 'twill ne'er fade away—
Till the days of my dreaming on earth shall be ended
'Twill ne'r pale in its luster, nor lose one bright ray.

And fond recollection presents that gay morning
When I first viewed the Manor of DeLaMontayne,
Aglow in the sunlight, its Villa adorning,
And those who ruled over that lovely domain.
And tho' we are severed, those sweet scenes, Amanda,
And the friends who dispelled the dark clouds of despair,
Will live in this bosom, believe me, forever,
And in spirit, Amanda, I often am there.

The Beautiful Land of My Birth.



Far away to the North, to the glorious North,
Lies the beautiful land of my birth.
Jehovah's jewels light its dusky dells to-night—
The loveliest dells of the earth.
Rear thy beautiful hills, bonnine land of my dreams,
While raptur'd thy praises I sing;
For my vows ever due I have plighted to you,
T' thine altar this tribute I bring.

Far away to the North, to the glorious North,
In th' strangely-sweet land of my song,
I have join'd in the strain—the heavenly refrain,
Of its waters th' sunlight adorn.
Ye lily-crown'd lakes of my own native land,
Ye mirror the skies I adore,
In th' morn's golden light—the purple, dusk of night,
When th' star-rise drifts dreamily o'er.

On the flower-fring'd banks of the isle-gemm'd LaBelle
Stands th' home of my childhood, to-day;
And thy proud waves, LaBelle, toll the requiem knell
For those who long since passed away.
On th' banks of fair Fowler where the sad fir trees tow'r,
Where, in graceful grief, the willows sway,
Where flow'rs in beauty bloom, illumining the gloom,
Sleep th' lov'd of my life's happy day.

In this bright, bonnie land where the blue waters blend
Ere they flow to th' soft, southern sea,
Where birds sleep in the glades when daylight softly fades,
There's somebody waiting for me.
Her name is Mabel May, she's always blithe and gay—
Fair as a flow'ret of the dell;
O, her eyes are as bright as th' stars that gem the night,
As blue as the waves of LaBelle.

Where stately lilacs wave their white and purple plumes,
Roses and honeysuckles twine;
Where kingly locusts spread their fragrant bough o'erhead,
In th' City of th' Lakes so sublime.
In that lovely retreat, where the glad waters meet,
And their songs thrill th' sweet summer air;
Where, in childhood, I play'd; where, in girlhood, I stray'd,
Dwells my Mabel, so merry an' fair.

I am bidding adieu to the land of the West—
The scenes my fond bosom holds dear.
I shall never forget, and I part, with regret,
From th' kind friends that welcom'd me here;
But the land of my birth is the dearest on earth,
And there I am longing to be;
Where those I loved best are forever at rest,
An' my Darling is waiting for me.



Dear Sister of the Eastern Star,
Before me lies thy pictur'd face;
A face that Time has fail'd to mar—
A form of loveliness and grace.

Blue as th' Violet are thine eyes,
As smiling as a sunlit sea;
Bright as the Star whose brilliant dyes
Are emblems of our loyalty.

Of yellow Jasmines would I weave
A garland for thy gold-brown hair;
The Lilies of the Valley wreath
Amid thy tresses rich and rare.

With fairest Ferns thy path I'd strew,
And when thine eyes are clos'd in death,
The while I take my last adieu
I'd place the Red Rose on thy breast.

And clust'ring 'round thy snowy brow
Should'st glitter ev'ry royal gem;
For thou hast kept thy ev'ry vow
And won from Heav'n thy diadem.

I'd lay thee where Rock River's song,
Divinely sweet, doth greet the day;
Where the rosy, radiant morn
Lends its earliest, latest ray.

Upon the brink of that bright shore,
O'ershadow'd by the stately trees,
Where storms and tempests seldom low'r,
Kiss'd by the morn and ev'ning breeze.

Where robins sing in sunny bow'ls
Their pæans of eternal praise;
Where Spring and Summers's sweetest flow'rs
Would o'er thy bonnie bosom wave.

There should'st thy lovely form be laid,

And when the dew of Heaven falls,
And winds and birds sleep in the glade,—
When twilight, sad, all Nature thralls—

I'd bring a tribute of my love
And lay it fondly at thy feet,
And pray that in the realms above,
Dear Sister, you and I might meet.

To the Sun of Prohibition.

~*~

O, Sun of Prohibition, rise,
Unfurl thy banners to the breeze;
Gild these, mine own, my native skies,
And gild the skies beyond the seas.
Our earthly Eden's dark with woe,
For thee a suff'ring people sigh;
Down to the grave, O, must we go,
Nor e'er behold thy beams on high?

O, rise, thou gracious orb, divine;
Fling o'er the World thy royal rays;
Light ev'ry land, aye, ev'ry clime,
O, give us golden, perfect days.
Then will the Universal air
Thrill with the songs of happy hours,
And this Elysium, so fair,
Will bloom with Joy's delightful flow'rs.

Missouri.



'Twixt two mighty rivers whose proud waters meet,
Lies an Eden of beauty—a blissful retreat;
A bower of the cypress, the cedar and pine;
The glad haunt where sparkles the purple grape wine.
O'er this home of the fairies th' sweet sunlight streams;
On the blue Mississippi how brightly it beams;
On the yellow Missouri's broad, beautiful breast,
In soft, tranquil splendor its dying rays rest.

O, come to this Eden at th' dawning of day,
When the sunbeams are chasing the shadows away—
When dew-drops, like diamonds, its beauty adorn,
And the music of redbirds rejoiceth the morn.
When from meadow and hill-top the mocking bird's notes
Over mountain and valley in melody floats.
When th' flowers are blooming, when glad waters flow,
And the wild, wanton zephyrs sigh softly and low.

O, come to this Eden at th' sweet twilight hour.
When all nature is pensive—enthralled by its pow'r;
When the dew-drops are falling like tears of regret;
When th' fair flowers languish, the sad waters fret.
When th' spell, too, is broken by th' whippoorwill's song;
And the notes of the cricket in numbers prolong'd;
When the minstrels of morning and th' mocking birds sleep;
Where th' cypress grieves away and th' lone willows weep.

O, come to this Eden, with th' charming night, come—
Flee away from life's sorrows—th' world's busy hum,
To this romantic region where Pleasure doth reign,
Whilst th' rivers are singing their joyful refrain.
When the moonbeams are lighting the shadowy strands,
And th' fairies are dancing on the gold-yellow sands;
When in all the blue heavens the stars twinkle bright,
And th' breezes are slumb'ring in th' bosom of night.

O, come to this Eden, with sweet, smiling Spring,
When its vineyards are budding—its rivulets sing:
When th' locusts are waving, and the leaves of the trees
Whisper softly and gently to th' birds and th' bees.

Thro' th' forests of maple and walnut we'll roam;
Thro' the forests of cypress, the humming bird's home;
Thro' th' deepest recesses of the oak and the elm;
Thro' th' forests of poplar and th' evergreen realm.

O, come to this Eden with Summer's bright bloom.
Come. O, come, with the apples and roses of June,
And when red are the cherries as the roses we twine;
When the gold'n grain graces this fair land of mine.
Thro' th' tall, waving grasses we'll joyfully go,
To th' hills and the valleys, where the blackberries grow;
Where the orchards are bending with peaches and pears;
To the hay-scented meadows—away from life's cares.

O. come to this Eden when Autumn is crown'd
With its garland of crimson, gold, russet and brown;
When the orchards are laden with loveliest fruit,
And th' cadence of zephyrs are soft as the lute.
Thro' th' raspberry thickets together we'll stray,
Where the plum trees are standing so bonnie and gay;
Thro' th' crabapple copses, to the fair fields of corn,
When th' tassels are shining in the rays of th' morn.

O. come to this Eden when Winter doth reign—
To this world-renowned region—Missouri's its name—
To the great Iron Mountain—its beauty behold;
Its marvelous lead mines, its treasures untold.
O'er the snow-mantled mountains we'll merrily rove;
Thro' ice-jeweled forests, thro' woodland and groves;
Thro' ravines and thro' valleys, o'er meadows and hills,
To th' lakes and the fountains, the rives and rills.



I'm gazing on thy portrait thro'
A mist of tears; grateful tears which
Spring from the golden fountain of
My soul. Time hath not robbed thee
Of thy beauty, O, fair an' stalwart
Son of fair an' sunny France; kingly
In face and form, in mind and heart,
Thou tower'st a monarch amid
Thy fellow men. Many noble
Sons hath thy proud land produced,
But never yet a nobler. The
Creator fashioned thee of
Nature's best, therefore thou art a
Stranger to the grosser vices of
Thy sex. Accept my thanks for this,
Thy gift; forever shall it grace
And beautify my home and lend
Its lustre to my lonely life.

Song.



Along th' banks of th' bonnie Bayou
I'm strolling, on this sunny day;
But long ago I bade adieu
To all the joys of merry May.

Sweet are the songs these birdlings sing
Around this brighty bower'd shore.—
In brighter bow'rs more sweetly ring
The songs my birdlings sang of yore.

Fair flow'rets blossom at my feet,
But in the Garden of the West
My flow'rets bloom, more fair and sweet,
By His celestial rays caress'd.

Wavelets are waltzing in their glee,
By balmy breezes softly fann'd.—
My wavelets waltz more blithe and free,
Kiss'd by the breeze of Wonderland.

Like sentries stand these stately trees,
As if to guard these treasures given.
There sentinels more stern than these
Rear their majestic forms to Heav'n.

Along th' banks of th' bonnie Bayou
Sad Twilight bids adieu to Day,
But oh! I ne'er can bid adieu
To those dear Treasures far away.

Lines Written on the Death of an Infant.



My sweet, fragile flow'ret faded while o'er this fairy land
Melodious winds were chanting soft and low;
While September skies were gilding the valley of the Grand;
Then my bonnie blossom wither'd in the glow,
While yet the birds were warbling in the green and shady bow'rs,
And the butterflies were flitting thro' the air;
While over all the valley still smiled the summer flow'rs,
And the busy bees were humming ev'ry where.

And oh, how oft I'm dreaming of that dark and dreary day
When the flow'r I fondly cherish'd ceas'd to bloom;
Of that day so sad and sombre, so gloomy and so gray,
When they laid my tiny treasure in the tomb.
For altho' the winds were singing their symphonies divine,
And the Autumn skies shone softly and serene,
Strange shadows hovered over this lovely land of mine,—
All the world had lost its beauty and its sheen.

She is sleeping on th' hillside, and I know she sweetly sleeps,
For the winds and waters sing her lullaby.
Her little mound is water'd by the dew that nightly weeps,
While the solemn stars are watching from the sky.
There moonbeams love to linger, and 'tis there the sunbeams rest
Stately trees, like sentries, guard her sunny grave,
While shelt'ring hills are pointing to that bright Land of the
Blest,
Where no blighting storms will ever, ever rave.

Dreaming.



I am dreaming, dear Frank, of a land far away;
A beautiful land by the murmuring seas,
Where the odorous roses are blooming to-day,
And the June sunbeams dance on the hills and th' leas.
Now the fair foam-fringed billows embrace that bright shore,
And th' sea breeze is kissing our own native land
While the bold bluffs and forests of pine tower o'er
The sea-marks and ships on the rude, rocky strand.

And I'm dreaming, dear Frank, of our once happy home
On th' sweet-shaded banks of the lily-lit lake.
'Twas there, sprinkled like stars, the gay buttercups shone;
There the bright, bonnie bluebells bespangl'd the brake.
Now the buttercups shine and the bluebells do gleam
Where dwelt all the dear ones remember'd so well;
And altho' they are gone, still they live in my dream
On th' blossoming banks of the lovely LaBelle.

And I'm dreaming, dear Frank, of the old maple wood
Whose dusky aisles echoed the bluebird's sweet song;
Of the lone, mossy moor, where the tamaracs stood;
Where the wintergreen berries grew spicy and strong.
Now the bluebirds are singing as sweetly as then,
The wintergreen berries like sea-corals shine,
And the stately trees wave in the woodland and fen,
In our fair northern home of th' myrtle and vine.

And I'm dreaming, dear Frank, of the glorious hills
And th' glittering dells, where so often we stray'd.
Of the glades and the glens, and the blue lakes and rills—
All th' pleasant resorts where together we played.
O, now we are wandering in wretched unrest,
Nevermore to revisit th' scenes of our mirth;
But loyal will we be to the land we love best—
The bright, bonnie, beautiful land of our birth.



Dear Brother of the mystic tie,
The glad New-Year is come again;
Still Bethlehem's Star illumines the sky
With Friendship's beams, my dear Montayne.

That dazzling orb of Love divine
Will gem the brow of night,
And I shall dream of thee and thine
The while I bask beneath its light.

Whilst Hope shall point with ray serene
To that bright realm of endless day,
Where Heav'n's eternal glories gleam
And fadeless flowers bloom alway.

Dear, faithful friend, the by-gone years
Have brought thee laurels for thy brow;
The widow's sighs, the orphan's tears
Have changed to smiles, blest by thy vow.

Sweet Charity stands at thy gates
To minister to Grief and Care,
Whilst Gratitude, impatient, waits
To sing thy praises ev'rywhere.

Long may'st thou live, the world to bless,
T' welcome many a glad New-Year,
And health and wealth and friends possess,
And all that renders life most dear.

And when, at last, thou'rt call'd above,
In truth's delightful realms to roam,
O, may that gracious Star of Love
Light thee to thy eternal home.

Star of the East.



[Published in Voice of Masonry, Chicago, Ill , July, 1885.]

Star of the East! thy rays divine
 Illume this dark and dreary bow'r. .
From ev'ry point thy beauties shine
 In mystic words of magic pow'r.

Immortal Guests! Ye are enthron'd
 Where Love and Charity hold sway,
Whilst Grief, with sighs and tears, bemoan
 The horrors of that gloomy day—

When Adah, for her father's sake,
 Her sweet, young life a ransom gave
And firm and dauntless met her fate,
 Alas! for one so true and brave.

And Ruth! sad gleaner of the fields,
 With irksome cares and grief oppress'd,
Thy history to us reveals
 The faith that won thee joy and rest.

Fair Esther! Persia's Peerless Queen!
 Noblest of Sovereign—best belov'd,
Thy loyalty inspires my theme,
 Thy loving reign kind Heav'n approv'd.

Bring flow'rs, sweet flow'rs, of virgin white,
 For Martha weave a garland fair.
Adorn her with a wreath of Light—
 She Wept For Him Who Slumber'd There.

For Heroism and Truth sublime
 The brightest laurels of the soul,
Electa's name will ever shine—
 'Twill live whilst countless ages roll.

Fair emblems of our honor'd dead,
 Thy brilliant hues to us are giv'n
To bid us Hope when joy is fled
 And cheer the Mason's path to Heav'n.

Celestial Star! shine on for aye—
Crown-jew'el in Friendship's diadem,
And guide with thy effulgent ray
The daughters and the sons of men.

For life is dark and drear with pain
To those who mourn, however brave,
And Sorrow chants her sad refrain
In notes divine o'er Mem'ry's grave.

Star of the East! thy rays divine
Illume this dark and dreary bow'r.
From ev'ry point thy beauties shine
In mystic words of magic pow'r.

We Met, and Loved, and Parted.



We met in that sweet sunbright land
Inlaid with gold and jewels fair;
Where giant crags tow'r stern and grand;
Where flow'rs bloom ever rich and rare.

Where wooing waves and wanton winds
Sing in dim canons soft and sweet;
Where sway the rad and solemn pines;
Where snowy heights and clouds do meet.

We met by chance—th' usual way—
At River Bend, one April eve;
The closing of a cloudless day,—
Whilst Grief her sombre tho'ts did weave.

Whilst spectral shadows softly crept
Athwart the hamlet's lonely plain;
Whilst Flora's starry flowers slept.
And zephyrs sigh'd as if in pain.

When twilight deepen'd into night
We stroll'd beneath the blazing stars;
While down to Earth in fond delight
Fair Luna flung her flaming bars—

Lighting the mountain and the mere,
The distant groves, the dusky leas—
All things in nature, far and near,
And woke the song-birds in the trees.

Illumining my lover's face;
The dark gray eyes that on me shone;
The handsome form of careless grace;
The one I lov'd, and loved alone—

Whose winning smiles my bosom thrill'd—
Intoxicated me like wine;
Whose whisper'd words my pulses still'd—
Entranc'd my soul with bliss divine.

But there we met, alas! to part,

And now I sing my dreary doom
From notes engraven on my heart,
Sad as the strains of Bonnie Doon.

Adieu, Adieu, Land of the West;
Adieu, bright land enthron'd and gemm'd;
Thou'lt live for aye in this fond breast,
So will my Love of River Bend.

October.

October's come to reign!
Arrayed in gorgeous robes whose heavenly
Hues are radiant as the rainbow's richest dyes.
Celestial are the colors of his coronal;
Refulgent as th' royal tints of June's resplendent
Skies. His raiment woven in sweet sun-lit woodlands,
Is 'broidered o'er with virgin gold bestowed
By Heaven's loving rays. His diadem spangled
With purest gems reveals in part the glory of
Jehovah's realm.

Hail to thee, October!
Autumn's peerless ruler! Heaven's glorious beams
That now delight us, will lose their brilliancy when
Thou art gone. O'er all this lovely land the starry
Flowers are shining; when thou shalt leave they, too, will
Wither from the sad and smileless Earth. Beautiful
Waters that now do sing and dance beneath thy smile
Will weep at thy departure, and the happy winds
That kiss thy princely brow will wail thy requiem
Dirge.

Colorado.



Know ye the land where the grand mountains rise
Triumphant, exultant, to greet the blue skies;
The gems of whose coronets sparkle and shine
Like pearls of the ocean or gems of the mine.

Know ye the Land where the green forests wave;
Where sky-loving waters their sunny strands lave;
Where th' elk and the deer and the antelope play;
Where countless birds gladden the gay, golden day?

Know ye the Land where the dew never falls;
Where Twilight, sweet Twilight, the spirit enthralls;
Where life-giving fountains flow forth uncontrolled;
Where th' heaven-kissed hills are of green and of gold?

Know ye the Land where the giant crags tow'r;
Where Flora, profusely, her sweet blossoms show'r;
Where the fairies disport on the flow'r-spangl'd lawn;
Where th' night's wondrous splendor ne'er wanes till the dawn?

Know ye the Land where the vineyards do smile;
Where the valleys are fair as the vale of the Nile;
Where deep canons echo the cayote's shrill cry;
Where tall cliffs rear, proudly, their forms to the sky?

Know ye the Land where the buffaloes roam;
Where bold, merry hunters do make it their home;
Where th' cattle are dotting the hills and the plaine;
Where th' lofty rocks ring with the cow-boy's refrain?

Know ye the Land where the bright jewels gleam;
Where the sad love to dwell, and th' bard loves to dream,
Enthron'd in its beauty, above the blue sea,
Whose winds, like its waters, are happy and free?

Know ye the Land, fam'd in story and song,
Where Science, proud Science, smiles back on the throng;
Where th' bluest of Heavens in benison bend;
Where th' Earth and the Heavens their glories do blend?

Know ye the Land—the World's royal retreat!
The sweet realm of song, and of sunshine replete,
Where th' loved of my soul in their innocence dwell;
Where, in anguish of spirit, I bade them farewell?

O, belov'd Colorado! Thou Garden of God!
How often thy beautiful paths I have trod.
Dear Father, whilst guarding that Eden of Thine,
O, do Thou remember those dear ones of mine.

Sweet Memory.

Sweet Mem'ry, on thy mystic tide
I've launch'd my fairy bark once more.
Thou'lt bear me o'er thy waters wide,
Far from you darkly-shadow'd shore
Where I have watched my stars grow pale;
My Sun in night eternal set;
Fair Luna's face forever veiled;
That rayless shore I would forget.

I'm floating on thy sparkling stream;
I'm drifting with thy wooing waves
To that fair haven of my dreams—
That blest retreat of by-gone days,
Bound for that land of gold and gems,
Enthron'd above the shining sea,
Whose shining skies in beauty bend
Above the scenes so dear to me.

In thy fair waves I see a face
Whose pow'r and passion won my heart—
A manly form, of matchless grace;
The Heav'n from which I ne'er can part,
Thy depths are jeweled with the joys
I buried on that dreary day
When Hope, bright bird, its pinions pois'd
And sadly flew to realms away.

Thou magic stream? E'en whilst I muse
Thy shifting lights and shades attune—
So dark and dazzling are their hues—
My soul to gladness and to gloom.
Serene and smiling are thy skies,
Yet have they rain'd regretful tears.
How fast thy clouds ean freight and rise
And flood the fountains of the years.

O, Memory! in all thy moods,
I love thee with impassioned pow'r,
And on thy tide, where none obtrude,
Spend many a mournful, mirthful hour.
The music of thy million mirthful waves
Break ever on that sun-kiss'd strand.
Thy billows chant, from gay to grave,
The glories of that gorg'ous land.

'Twas There We Met to Say Farewell.

~*~

'Twas in the bonnie month of May,
In Terra-Cotta's lovely groves,
Thro' whose bright boughs the sunbeams play;
Thro' whose lov'd haunts the Kansas flows;
We stray'd, in sorrow, side by side,
Nor reck'd we that the raindrops fell
Fast as the tears I strove to hide,
For there we met to say farewell.

The river sang its sad refrain—
To melody its waves were giv'n;
But naught reck'd I the river's strain,
For oh! my heart with grief was riv'n;
Besides, the music of his voice
Had spoil'd me for the river's song—
Those master tones! I still rejoice
As Mem'ry trills them sweet and strong.

For hours we stroll'd beside the stream,
And it was sweet to linger there,
Tho' murmur'ing winds disturb'd my dream
And wail'd the dirge to my despair.
We talk'd of joys our bosoms shrined,
When in that fair land of the West,
Like vesper-bells, our hearts had chimed;
When we were so supremely blest.

We parted at the twilight hour—
The hour when happy lovers meet;
But on my heart still prays the pow'r—
The pow'r that was to me so sweet;
And when the trysting hours return,
And twilight stars salute the night,
For his lov'd presence then I yearn,
And on my spirit falls a blight.

O, could I but forever quell
And stay the torrent of my heart,
Then would I pen the word "farewell,"
For Fate has doom'd us twain to part.
But as my native rivers roll
To mingle with the Southern Sea,
So doth the current of my soul
Flow ever, dearest Love, to thee.

Nellie Whitney.



There's a land divinely fair, deck'd with gold and jewels rare,
Where the billows break in music on the shore;
Where the breezes sing and play all the pleasant, dreamy day;
Where, shimmering skies bend softly, sweetly o'er,
And in that glorious land, on Pacific' golden strand,
They laid Nellie, darling Nellie, down to sleep,
Where the music of the Sea, blent with Zephyr's melody,
Will forever o'er her grave sublimely sweep.

Pure and fair as any flow'r of that semi-tropic bow'r
Was this merry, dark-eyed maiden of my song,
And her genius shone afar like the brilliant morning star.
Like the mockingbird she sang, both sweet and strong,
But she withered in the shine of that sun-kiss'd land divine,
While the winter sky beamed strangely soft and bright;
While myriad flowers shone with a splendor all their own;
While countless songsters carolled with delight.

And she faded all too soon, like the rose that dies in June;
While Hope's gayest flow'rs were springing at her feet.
Oh! who would not heave a sigh, for it was so sad to die,
In the sunshine of her youth so wond'rous sweet.
Plant the flow'rs she lov'd the best on the turf above her breast.
Of the cypress and the myrtle weave her name,
O'er her fair, unsullied grave let the laurel proudly wave:
It will whisper, ever whisper, of her fame.

In Twilight Hour.

Published in Voice of Masonry, July, 1885.

O'er the low-lying western hills the golden orb of Day has set in splendor; and now sweet Twilight comes and flings her dusky mantle o'er the dreaming city "Oconomowoc," the far-famed City of the Lakes, fair Fowler and LaBelle.

Nature is hushed in dreamy languor. Not a ripple stirs yon isle-gemmed lake, save when some water-fowl skims athwart its lovely bosom. Beautiful LaBelle! along thy sunny strand pebbles and shells, like pearls and opals, gleam. Upon thy mossy banks the blushing honeysuckles bend their graceful heads as if in grief or shame. Laden with purple bloom, the clambering grape vines twine themselves around the stalwart monarchs of the wood in amorous delight.

Listen to the robin calling to its mate—the sad croaking of the frogs—the cricket's mournful song; whilst over all the gentle dews of Heaven descend, like angels' tears falling to the Earth in benediction.

Belle of the Waters! thou mirrorest back the billowy hills where the blue forget-me-nots and tiger lilies grow; the dim old forest, peopled with its million songsters—the sunrise and the sunset—the lightning and the tempest! On thy tranquil breast

the snowy lilies sleep—waxen lilies—sad remembrances of snowy hands clasping Love's pathetic flowers.

This is the trysting-hour when happy lovers meet and pledge their vows anew; when the glad firelight streams from happy homes into the coming night and greets returning wanderers; thrice blessed hour, when Joy and Love clasped in each other's arms, unite in benison.

This is the mystic hour when on Memory's pitiless waves we're backward borne, and oh! so sorrowfully, so mournfully, we resurrect the past.

This is the hour we "open graves" we deemed were closed forever, and in their shadowy depths our tears fall silently.

This is the hour when Sorrow's sombre walks are thronged with stern and vain regrets; when we recall with penitential tears the hasty words in anger spoken to those we fondly loved, who, wearied with Life's battle, lay down within the silence of the grave to rest. Where yonder willows sigh and sway in graceful grief, my loved ones sleep! In fancy's mystic realm each dear, familiar face and form appears unveiled before me. I see my father, grand and stately as the pines that grace my glorious northern home, with lofty brow and eyes of crystal light, blue as thy limpid waves, La-Belle, that mirror back the jeweled heavens. I see my frank young mother in her rich, dark beauty—sweet daughter of "The Sunny South"—herself as pure as any flower that ever graced Virginia's soil. My brothers, sisters, all, come trooping around me

with their curls of gold and eyes of azure hue, and joy for them, and pity for a sorrowing world is all that's left for me. Sweet Hour Sublime! the Night is coming on; Imperial Night! with all its host of glittering stars. The lake that less than one short hour ago lay sleeping like an infant on its mother's breast, now sings its glad refrain; with eager joy its moonlit billows kiss the shore; the slumbering World so lately held in thrall by thy mysterious power springs into busy life once more. Farewell, Sweet Twilight Hour, Farewell.



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